

A TRIP TO THE MASAI STEPPES

A Journey into the Land of Black Savages.

By C. NOLTE.

Copyright, 1899, of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

SYNOPSIS.

In 1895 the author, an officer in the German army, was directed to proceed to Zanzibar and organize an expedition and go to that portion of German East Africa known as the Masai Steppes, for the purpose of establishing a station and exploring the country, with a view to its resources for white settlement. The party went in three, passed Kilimanjaro, and located on the Masai Steppes south of the Meru Mountains.

We soon experienced the hardship of war, as the Arushas cut off our food supply. Luckily, we had a good stock of rice and banana meal on hand, and as there was plenty of game within easy walking distance we did not starve, but were only somewhat inconvenienced.

In daytime the Arushas kept away from our station. At night they several times attacked us, but they were repulsed with severe losses. One night they nearly succeeded in surprising the camp. They used an old stratagem of the African natives.

Around the station there were some bushes, which I had not cleared away, as I thought they would come in handy for firewood later on. Unfortunately, these bushes served as good cover for the natives. I shall never forget that night when the

attack took place. The moon had vanished, and dawn was drawing nigh. I had been up all night, and began to feel somewhat sleepy. The cry of the night-bird had ceased, and the myriads of locusts and crickets, which make an African night lively, had also subsided. There reigned a deadly stillness, even the hyenas, that with their shrill, unearthly laughter make night hideous, had sought their lair.

The outside sentinels, to whose watchfulness was entrusted the safety of the camp, had begun to feel the chill of the damp morning breeze, which penetrates to the very bones, and yet has the strange effect of making men drowsy.

The heavy fence of thornbushes had been strengthened by a barbed wire fence inside. Every 15 minutes or so during the night I left my tent and walked round the station with a patrol of six men.

Towards daybreak a mist rolled, wave-like, over the ground, appearing to our sleepy eyes as if the bushes trembled and moved. There was positively something uncanny about this hour of the night which just preceded daybreak.

What followed had best be told in the narrative of the surviving outside sentinel. He reported that towards morning he felt somewhat drowsy, which was quite natural under the circumstances, as I had put extra duty on the men.

THE OUTSIDE SENTINEL'S STORY.

"I could have sworn," he said to me, "that I knew the ground before me pretty well, but the mist somewhat disguised it. I was sure that there was a piece of open ground reaching to some 50 yards before me, but with the uncertain light and the clouds of mist it appeared as if there were bushes in that direction, too."

Slowly he moved on, he told me, thinking soon to be relieved, and turned his back to the bushes, which had just attracted his attention, and, strangely, the bushes also seemed to move slowly—very slowly, but still they moved. Even the high tufts of dry grass, which so densely filled the prairie land there, appeared to be shifting their position. There was a large rock near by, and on it the sentinel sat down to rest his weary limbs for just a few minutes.

The bushes continued to shift, and the tufts of grass to advance, and one large tuft came up quite close to the inattentive sentinel, whose head had sunk on his breast, and whose weary eyes had closed. Suddenly he jumped up, and tried to shake the sleep out of his eyes. That wandering tuft of grass which had almost reached him stopped in its movement.

Then the sentinel's head gradually sunk down on his breast, and slowly the tuft of grass crawled up behind him, until it suddenly dropped, and from the ground rose in its place a dark, shadowy form. It embraced the sentinel, and plunged a dagger into his breast; but, luckily, the man was able to get out of the blow, so that he only received a flesh wound, the dagger glancing off one of his ribs.

In the struggle his gun went off, and set the whole camp in alarm. I had the bugles sounded at once to call in the outside guards, but out of 10 only three came in, the others having been murdered by the natives.

ATTACK ON THE STATION.

The natives tried hard to rush the fence, and even went so far as to go through parts of the thornbush enclosure, but the barbed wire stopped them. We kept up a rapid fire, and succeeded in driving them off. A good many must have been killed and wounded, but they were carried off; only the numerous blood-trails showed us that our bullets had told.

My men behaved splendidly that time. They had been up doing extra duty for several nights, but when I heard the shot, and called to them, "Form square, boys; we are surrounded on all sides!" the half-dazed men, with the discipline of old soldiers, quickly found their places.

After that I did not place outside guards at night, but had a volley fired about every hour from inside the stockade. The nights were very dark then, as it was the rainy season. In the daytime everything was clear, none of the hostile natives appeared and I was enabled to go out hunting to get meat for my men.

CAPT. JOHANNES'S EXPEDITION.

While I was having this trouble at my station Capt. Johannes had collected a large body of friendly natives, amounting in all to about 6,000 men, which he led with about 80 regular soldiers against the Arushas. Some of these natives were armed with guns.

African warfare proves very terrible, as it is always a hand-to-hand struggle. The entrance to each hut is formed by the fork of a tree, and the whole homestead is surrounded by a high thorn-fence which is impenetrable. In passing through that entrance the man has to stoop, and is naturally at a disadvantage against the man standing ready behind the fence with his spear or sword.

When Capt. Johannes came back to Arusha he found that the natives had opened the graves and thrown the bodies of the missionaries to the hyenas.

(The end.)

Capt. Nolte Dead.

This narrative is brought to an abrupt close by the sudden death of Capt. Carl Nolte, the author.

Capt. Nolte was about 35 years old, and a son of an aristocratic family in Berlin. He was a graduate of Heidelberg University, and had been an officer in the German army. In 1885, while on leave of absence, he took command of a troop of Colonial cavalry and saw active service in the campaign which resulted in the conquest of Bechuanaland by the British. In 1895 he was placed in command of an expedition to the Masai Steppes by the German Government to explore that part of German East Africa, and report upon its advantages for white settlement.

The narrative of this expedition, almost up to the date of its sudden withdrawal by the outbreak of the Masai war, owing to missionary troubles, has been given in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, as our readers know.

Capt. Nolte was in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE office two days before his death, and said he was nearly through the story, and that soon after the events noted in the present installment he had to pack up and withdraw to the coast, as he had been ordered to do.

At the time of his death he was an attaché of the German Consulate in this city.

He was found dead in his room last Sunday morning.

Coin-Silver Watch an Excellent Timekeeper.

WINTERSVILLE, PA., Dec. 20, 1899. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The coin-silver watch came all right. To say that I was pleased with it would not be an exaggeration. I am more than pleased. It is a beauty, and besides an excellent timekeeper. Everybody to whom I have shown it has said, "That is a real timekeeper." I feel more than paid for the little time I spent in getting up the club. The Tribune and books came all right to each of the club and give perfect satisfaction. Please accept my thanks for the watch and your prompt attention in filling my orders.

W. R. SNYDER.

THE WOMBEYAN CAVE.

Natural Wonders of New South Wales.

New South Wales possesses numerous caves of a most picturesque and even marvellous character, several, especially the Jenolan and Yarrangilly Caves, being of enormous extent, and only partially explored, fresh discoveries occasionally being made. With two of three exceptions they are in limestone rock, and filled with stalactites and stalagmites of every possible shape and size. The Wombeyan Caves, situated about 40 miles from Goulburn, the metropolis of the southern portion of the Colony, have yet to be fully explored, but even now a couple of days may be spent in viewing the different chambers. The caves can be reached by coach from several points on the railway between Sydney and the Victorian border.

The most picturesque entrance leading to the neighborhood of the Wombeyan River. Entering the Old Cave—this first discovered—the visitor passes on into the drawing room, a beautiful chamber, and thence into the ceiling room, so called from the delicate formations which ornament the roof. Continuing his course the visitor proceeds by ascending paths into the ballroom, passing, in so doing, The Trophy, said to be one of the grandest masses of huge stalactites to be found in Australia, if not in the world. The floor of the ballroom is a fine echo, the sound of the voice being repeated with considerable distinctness. Near the ballroom is the Bat Chamber, so called from its being the haunt of myriads of these glistening creatures. It has a beautiful appearance, and when illuminated by the magnesium light from a glimpse of fairy-land. Only a portion of the passages known to exist have been explored, and it is probable that other and finer chambers have yet to be discovered.

The New Cave, situated a short distance from the Old Cave, was discovered in a singular manner, in 1888, by a neighboring settler, who, having noticed vapor issuing from a hole in the mountain side, effected an entry, with the aid of his two brothers, who lowered him, by means of a rope, the result being the discovery of a new and magnificent cave. Subsequently the entrance was made more readily accessible.

Passing through the entrance, a perpendicular descent of 25 feet is made, after which a similar distance is traversed on a somewhat steep incline, the passage becoming larger as it proceeds, until it opens into a beautiful chamber, crowded with stalactites and stalagmites, the bright, fresh color of which imparts an additional charm to the scene. From here three series of caverns branch off in different directions. The first of these to the right of the entrance proceeds about 300 feet in a somewhat zigzag line, on a somewhat level floor, forming a kind of corridor some 10 feet in width and 12 feet in height.

The floor for some distance from the entrance is remarkably pretty in its formation, resembling a stream of crystals overflowing from a large basin, the stream being the main basin being composed of innumerable miniature basins in terraces, each basin being filled with a pure white coralline formation. Other parts of the floor are covered with spherical stalagmites resembling snowballs. The stalactites in this, as also in the other branches, are grouped more regularly than is usually the case, as they run in almost parallel lines across the limestone roof.

It may be mentioned, for the benefit of nosediff readers, that a stalactite is a pendant cone or cylinder attached, like an icicle, to the roof or side of a cave, produced by the percolation, during many thousands of years, through the rock above of water holding carbonate of lime in solution. The same water dripping on the floor produces similar masses, reversed in form—that is, with the base on the floor and the points above. These latter are called stalagmites.

The stalactites in this portion of the New Cave, as well as the other formations, are remarkable for their snowy whiteness and transparency, the only exception being a few, on occasion, of stalactites resembling thin, terra cotta in appearance, and so lending a pleasing variety of color.

The middle series of caves, by far the most interesting, is a chain of chambers, ranging from the size of a small cabin to that of a lofty cathedral. These are formed by immense rocks falling and wedging themselves into the crevices of the limestone, necessitating the making of a number of steep ascents and descents.

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER



Saving Middlemen's Profits, Preventing Possibility of Adulteration.

We are distillers with a wide reputation of 30 years' standing. We sell to consumers direct, so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. We want more of them and we make this offer to get them:

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be direct dealers, our whiskey has our reputation behind it. Hayner Distilling Co., 257 to 263 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O. References: Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Cincinnati. P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for freight, prepaid.

The above offer is genuine. We guarantee the above firm will do as they agree—Stark.

The chambers are well filled with all the prettiest formations found in the other caves. An instance is also observable of a large column formed by a number of stalactites having been naturally broken across at a point about half-way between the floor and the roof, the broken surfaces being separated from each other by a space of about two inches, so that the upper part of the column remains suspended from the roof.

A further extension of this cave consists of a roomy chamber, the floor of which might appropriately be named the Crystal Lakes, the so-called lakes being a large number of pure white and transparent basins formed into a succession of terraces, each basin being partly filled with minute crystals, having the exact appearance of water, the illusion being discovered only by touch. The third series of caves are equally interesting, and in the chambers fossil bones have been found, and in others the roots of kurrajong trees, growing 50 feet above, have penetrated through the roof.

MURDER 10 YEARS, DIAMONDS 20.

Something about Kimberly—Diamonds Dug Outside South Africa Would Not Suffer Philadelphia.

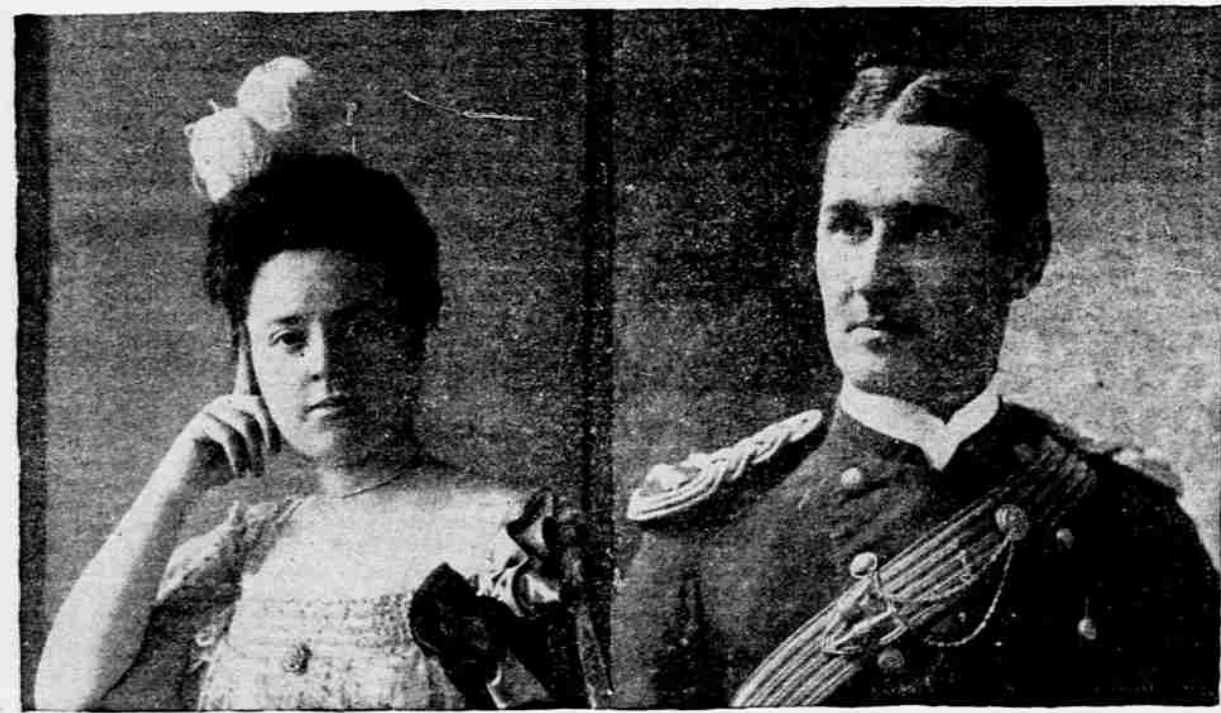
"Kimberly proper is built around a hole big enough to hold the entire white population of South Africa," writes Allen Sanger in *Amateur* for January. "This is the excavation above the Kimberly mine, made when diamonds were mined from the surface. Nowadays shafts are sunk and levels formed, whence the blue ground is blasted out and hauled to the surface; in elevators. The diamond is different from other precious stones in that it is found in soft clay, while the amethyst, ruby, and emerald are embedded in quartz. This makes the diamond easy to conceal in the mouth, nose, and by swallowing, and every year the De Beers Company gets from the Kimberly mine 20,000,000 worth of stolen goods. The inclination to pilfer these precious stones is so intense that the crime is severely punished. In South Africa the first conviction is 'Thou shalt not steal diamonds.' What rape is to Georgia is I. D. B. (illicit diamond brigand) to South Africa. For murder a man may get 10 years; for having a diamond found on his person that is not registered, 20 years. At Cape Town is a great convict station called the 'Breakwater,' where some 1,000 negroes, American families and English aristocrats join in lock-step with Lascares and Kafirs. They have all violated the First Commandment. In the morning the convicts are taken to the diamonds under the muzzle of Martini rifles. They are kept in a separate

The Cotton Belt—Where Over 20,000 Acres of Cotton Are.

Amateur.

"The cotton belt covers 24 degrees of longitude and 10 degrees of latitude. Excluding from the count the greater part of Virginia, more than 100,000 square miles of western Texas and the whole of Kentucky, Kansas, Missouri, Utah, California, Arizona and New Mexico, in all of which cotton has been cultivated, and where a larger demand might cause its culture to be extended, the cotton-growing region measures nearly 600,000 square miles, almost one-third of the total area of settlement in 1890 of the United States. The 20,000,000 acres planted in cotton occupies barely five acres in every 100 of this extensive region. Scarcely 50 per cent of this territory is in farms, and not more than one-fifth has at any time been tilled. This section contained in 1890 a population of over 8,000,000 whites and something over 5,000,000 negroes, in all 13,451,000, every 100 of them producing 53 bales of cotton, an average of 25 pounds of lint per capita.

"In 1801 South Carolina led the other States in the production of cotton. In 1850 Alabama stood first, Mississippi led in 1860-1880. Texas stood at the head in 1890, and still does. The center of production was near Montgomery, Ala. In 1850; this center had moved two miles west by 1860, and another two miles by 1870. In 1880 it was in Nacogdoches County, Miss. In 1890 it was sixty miles northwest in Atala County. It is moving west all the time on account of the increasing crops in Arkansas, Texas and the Indian Territory, not to mention Oklahoma."



MISS CECILIA SHERMAN MILES.

As the daughter of our illustrious comrade, Maj.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, all the veterans and their families have a deep interest in Miss Cecilia Sherman Miles and her approaching marriage with Lieut.-Col. Samuel Reber, of the Signal Corps. Miss Miles is a young lady whose beauty, intelligence and spirit have made her a great favorite in Washington society and army circles. Col. Reber was born in Missouri about 35 years ago and gradu-

LIEUT.-COL. SAMUEL REBER.

ated from West Point in 1886, when he was commissioned in the 29th U. S. Cav. He was promoted to First Lieutenant in the 9th U. S. Cav., and two years later was transferred to the Signal Corps. He went to Cuba as the chief signal officer of a corps, with the rank of Major, and accompanied Gen. Miles in his campaign in Puerto Rico. He is now Chief Signal Officer of the Department of the East, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers, and headquarters at Governor's Island.

Very many Club-raisers have written us that this offer contributes greatly to their success. We will continue the offer a short time.

The Great Offer Continued a Short Time.

These two Volumes, never before sold for less than \$3, absolutely Free and Postpaid to Every Subscriber, new or old, who sends us \$1, either direct or through Club-raisers, for a year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Rebel Prisons. By John McElroy. Complete in two volumes. Large, clear type; 654 pages; 154 spirited illustrations. Substantially bound in Leatherette.



OUR RED-HEADED TORMENTOR.

It is impossible, briefly, to give an adequate description of the scope and character of this immortal chapter in the history of the civil war. It deals with a great subject, and one little understood, because it was a tragedy enacted behind the scenes, obscured by the smoke of battle in front. While the public was kept daily informed of march and siege and desperate attack and repulse, fixing the attention upon the ever-changing panorama of active warfare, the voice of heroes dying in prison-pens was lost.

The author of *Andersonville* has told a thrilling story. If it has horrors they are not of his invention. The book, however, will be found to treat not only of prison life, but to abound in incidents of the camp, the march, and the battlefield. In fact, there is no better narrative extant of the stirring experiences of a cavalryman than there is to be found in this story. The reader of these pages will go with the author into his life and see how the boy was transformed into a soldier; will march with

him over mountains and across rivers; will camp on the hillside and stand guard in the moonlight and in the rainstorm; will be with him as a videt in the lonely forest, and again in the wild charge.

The humorous, the pathetic, the preposterous, the extravagant phases of war are all told with the pen of a master. Finally comes grim battle, the defeat, the surrender, the traveling through the South as a prisoner of war; the experiences in Richmond prisons and at ghastly Belle Isle; then comes the climax in the prison stockade at Andersonville itself, with its 40,000 men, its poverty, its starvation, its death. All these things are told with the dramatic power of truth, and they are told as only they can be told by one who was there.

WHOEVER will send us one new subscriber may have these two volumes for his trouble. (Remember, the new subscriber, also, will receive both volumes, or, if he prefers, two volumes from the other list of books.) This is positively a very easy way for a present subscriber to get the volumes before they are withdrawn. Inform some friend of the offers on this page and he will be glad to subscribe.



"MANAGED TO STEAL AND PASS ME THREE ROASTED CHICKENS."

If the subscriber prefers, he may have his choice of ANY TWO of the following volumes, in place of the two Andersonville Volumes. You get THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for a whole year and any two of these great volumes, all for only \$1.

The World's Sweetest Songs, with full accompaniments; 128 large (folio) pages.

This collection of 66 Gems of Song is the result of thorough and conscientious research. They are, truly, the 'World's Sweetest Songs.' The difficulty has been found that the sweetest songs are not specially difficult. Many composers and artists, including the great Patti herself, have warmly commended this collection. Patti says of this collection: 'I have examined your beautiful volume and find it a charming collection of lovely songs, rich in character and pleasing in variety.'

A NEW BOOK—3d OF THE SERIES.

COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

Si and Shorty, including Deacon Klegg's famous visit to the front at Chattanooga. Fully illustrated; 256 pages.

To those who have some acquaintance with the careers of these mettlesome heroes of ours, it is sufficient to say that this volume is more entertaining than those that have preceded it. It takes the boys through a lively campaign; mixes them up with an East Tennessee vendetta; affords them a short recruiting experience on the banks of the Wabash, and gets them back to the army with their awkward squad to show their fighting and staving qualities at the battle of Chickamauga. The boys are both grievously wounded—indeed, repelled death to the distressed family at home. Learning that they are alive and that the wounded are being cared for, the Deacons make their way, through almost insurmountable difficulties, to the front. Then follows the wily devices and bold foraging that a good man was compelled to resort to in providing food for the disabled Co. Q. That these experiences reach the limit may be inferred from the Deacon's remarks to himself upon one occasion: 'I must get Si back home soon, or I won't be fit to associate with anybody outside of the penitentiary. How can I ever go to the court-house to take my trial? Yet the reader, however strict a moralist, will highly approve every act of the Deacon's.

Mrs. Clarke's Cook Book. Containing over 1,000 of the best up-to-date recipes for every conceivable dish. By Mrs. Anne Clarke; 256 pages; leatherette.

The scope of the book may best be understood by an enumeration of the various subjects which it treats under different heads: 1. The Art of Cooking. 2. Soup, soups, etc. 3. Fish, oysters, etc. 4. Poultry and game. 5. Meats. 6. Cakes, puddings, etc. 7. Pickles, preserves, etc. 8. Vegetables. 9. Salads and sauces. 10. Croquettes and fritters. 11. Eggs. 12. Bread, biscuits, hot cakes, etc., including fancy breads, rolls, waffles, and the subject of yeast. 13. Pastry and puddings. 12. Creams, custards, etc. 14. Cakes and cakes. 15. Cakes and cakes. 16. Cakes and cakes. 17. Pickles and catsups. 18. Beverages. 19. Candies. 20. Invalid diet.

Special attention is called to the subjects covered under the last three chapters enumerated as being somewhat beyond the range of the ordinary cook book, and still exceedingly useful and perfectly practical features.

WHOEVER sends us one new subscriber may have any two of the above volumes for his trouble. If he sends two subscribers he may have any four of the volumes, and so on. (Remember, each subscriber may choose two volumes also, or the HOME MAGAZINE.) This is a very easy way for a present subscriber to get any or all of the above books BEFORE THEY ARE WITHDRAWN. Inform a few friends of the offers on this page and they will be glad to accept them.

If the subscriber prefers, in place of two books, he may choose as a premium a year's subscription for the following publication. You get THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for a whole year and THE HOME MAGAZINE for a year, all for \$1.

The Home Magazine.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

We have made such an advantageous arrangement that we can offer you one of the best home papers, yes, really the most helpful and practical as well as most interesting journal, for a whole year, entirely free. The Home Magazine is the most attractive, interesting, and practically helpful journal for women. Any family supplied with both THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE and THE HOME MAGAZINE will have a liberal amount of first-class literature to suit the tastes of every member of the family, and at the same time keep well informed upon all the important events of the outside world. No other paper gives you what you get in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and no other journal will please your family so much as THE HOME MAGAZINE.

For about 12 years THE HOME MAGAZINE has been published monthly at Washington. It has always been different from all other ladies' home papers, and has always held a place of its own in the hearts of its readers. To-day it has over 200,000 subscribers. Of course, it is for women, with a department for young folks, and the contents are prepared especially for women, but much of the matter is attractive to men too, especially to those who take an interest in knowing the ins and outs of things historical and social at the National Capital. Politics are not discussed at all. 16 to 24 large pages, illustrated and well printed.

P. S.—If you prefer it, you may have THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE sent to your address and THE HOME MAGAZINE mailed to someone else, anywhere.

Address

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

339 Pennsylvania Avenue,

Washington, D. C.